

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 2. NO. 43.

ARLINGTON, MASS., JULY 28, 1900.

TWO CENTS

STILL AT THE TOP!

Fish of All Kinds
in their season

We are the only, only. Do not be deceived by these so-called alluring advertisements calculating to give wrong impressions. Please bear in mind that our facilities for catering to the public of Arlington and vicinity are of the best, and no one has any better. Of what interest is it to the customer whether the goods are delivered from chopped ice, fish cart or automobile. Our only aim is to serve the public with nothing but the best of all kinds of fish in their season.

W. H. Webber & Son.

Telephone 48-3.

Ring us up!

A. BOWER.

F. C. BOWER.

**Arlington Wood Working Co.,
MILL ST., ARLINGTON,**

Mantels,
Drawer Cases,
Hall and
Window Seats

**CABINET
MAKING.**

Store and Office Fixtures,
DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS.

Porch Columns, Brackets and Balusters.

Greenhouse Stock and Hot-bed Sash.

GENERAL REPAIRING.

A postal will be answered personally for details of work.

PICTURE FRAMES.

CRAYONS.

Litchfield Studio

655 Mass. Ave.,
Arlington, Mass.

PHOTOS.

WATER COLORS.

H. B. JOHNSON,

Steam and Hot Water Heating,

Greenhouse Contractor, Steam Pump Repairer, etc.

PIPE AND FITTINGS FOR SALE
AT BOSTON PRICES.

BROADWAY AND WINTER STS.,
ARLINGTON.

Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and action guaranteed.

Sept 30, 1900

MRS. MARGARET DALE

Hammocks of all kinds
for the summer at low
prices.

House and Kitchen Furnishings,

610 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,

TELEPHONE, 55-4 ARLINGTON.

WANTED,
**25 Second-hand Bicycles in
trade for the 1900 Orient.**

MOSELEY'S CYCLE AGENCY,
FOWLE BLOCK, ARLINGTON.

**BEDDING PLANTS, CUT FLOWERS
AND FUNERAL DESIGNS**

AT

W. W. Rawson's,
Cor. Medford and Warren Sts., Arlington.

For a good suit of clothes and a
guaranteed fit, go to

J. J. LOFTUS,
the leading tailor

Spring & Summer Goods Now In.

Repairing Neatly Done.

Ladies' tailoring.

Sherburne Building, Arlington



**Dr. G. W. Yale,
DENTIST,**
At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Buildg.
ARLINGTON,

Open daily, also Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

JOHN J. LEARY,

Rubber-tired
Hacks for all
Occasions

I have a First-class Hack,
Livery and Boarding
Stable.

Stable, 428 High Street, West Medford.
Residence, 117 Medford St., Arlington.

Telephone, 37-2 Arlington.

**ALEXANDER BEATON,
Contractor
and
Builder,**
79 Hibbert street,
Arlington Heights.

BAPTIST CHURCH BURNED.

**Fire Started from Burning Off of Paint--Firemen
Have Narrow Escapes.**

Wednesday morning at 9:47 the citizens were startled when the fire whistle blew for box 39, and the news that the Baptist church was on fire caused considerable excitement and a stampede for the church.

With that promptness for which the department is noted, the various pieces of apparatus were quickly on the scene, and soon had six streams on the burning building.

The fire was started on the left side of the spire by the painters, who were burning off the paint with naphtha lamps preparatory to repainting. They were asked by Mrs. Chaffin to pull in the alarm, but they evidently did not hear her. They evidently thought they could manage it and put it out quickly. But all the time the flames were spreading rapidly, so that when the firemen appeared the whole of the spire and a good portion of the body of the church were ablaze.

Chief Gott, realizing the danger, telephoned for Engine 4 of Cambridge, they doing valiant service on their arrival.

It was plainly evident from the outset that something was the matter with the high service, as all the six streams were unable to put water higher than the coping. This, to a large extent, was a handicap.

At first water was thrown from the inside of the edifice, but was soon withdrawn and more effectively used on the outside by playing into the windows. The new 60-ft. ladder was raised and a line of hose was run up to the top of the church on the left side to the eaves. It was mighty hot at this point, the flames licking up all around and underneath the firemen.

The coping burned off and commenced falling, but still the firemen fought on, and it was not until the captain shouted "come down!" that they stopped. It was lucky they did, for had they remained a moment longer they would have been badly burned, or knocked from the ladder and killed.

Two hosemen of Hose 2, who were on a shorter ladder, fared worse, Lieut. Dennis Ahern being knocked from the rungs into the burning debris, he only escaping being burned by his rubber suit. Hoseman George Fraser of Hose 3 had his left hand badly cut with slate. E. J. Crowe pierced his foot with a nail.

It was a pretty sight to see the steeple fall, and later the bell fell with a thud.

It was evident that the building was doomed, so attention was paid to the adjoining buildings, the Teel, Tufts and Shattuck estates. The house of Mrs. George D. Tufts, now occupied by Mr. Blasdale, had a narrow escape. As it was, the house is badly scorched and blistered. The Shattuck house caught fire on the roof, but was extinguished by Chemical 1.

The fire raged for over two hours, and it was over five hours before lines were made up and the apparatus sent home. The fire was the hottest the firemen have fought for years, and under the circumstances they did well, although there are those, as we have said before, who stand by and criticize. Such persons ought to be allowed to do the same work, it would soon cease their kicking.

Mr. W. A. Peirce rescued the bible and Mr. Stephen B. Wood saved much of the music.

It was a blessing to the firemen to receive water from Messrs. Locke and Teele. Mr. Henry Blasdale, treasurer of the Arlington Five Cent Savings bank showed a good Christian spirit the fire laddies have a most profound respect and regard for him, he serving

**Dr. G. W. Yale,
DENTIST,**
At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Buildg.
ARLINGTON,

Open daily, also Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

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Rubber-tired
Hacks for all
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and
Builder,**
79 Hibbert street,
Arlington Heights.

GEORGE W. LANE,
PETER SCHWAMB,
GEORGE P. WINN,
Water Commissioners.

July 7, 1900.

RARE BARGAINS

Half-Season Sale is
now on at

the right store on the wrong side.

WRAPPERS. Made of fine
percale, in all the latest
styles and shades, worth
\$1.00. 69c

VESTS. Ladies' Jersey ribbed
vests, very fine quality, all
styles, 12 1-2c
Ladies' Japanese silk vests
in white only, worth
37 1-2c, 19c

CORSETS. Summer corsets,
perfect fitting, all sizes, 23c

FLANNEL. 500 yds. outing
flannel, in checks, stripes
and plain effects, worth 10c,
per yd., 6 1-2c

CRASH. 250 yds. all-linen
crash, the talk of the town,
well worth 8c, per yd., 5c

SHIRT WAISTS. Ladies'
fine quality percale shirt
waists, worth 75c and
87 1-2c, will be sold this
week for 37 1-2c
White shirt waists were
75c and \$1.00, this week 50c

Ribbon Bows made free of charge.

D. F. COLLINS,

472 Mass. avenue, Swan's Block, Arlington.

Belmont Crystal Spring Water

BELMONT, MASS.

D. L. TAPPAN, Prop. 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, WILLIAM WHYTAL, Finance Block,

VERXA & YERXA, Post-office Block

Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's Drug Store, P. O. Block, will receive immediate attention.

A. BOWMAN,

Ladies' and Gent's **TAILOR,**

487 Mass. ave., Arlington.

ALTERING, CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING.

FREE!

FREE!

A Beautiful Oak Rocker given
absolutely free.

Call at our store and procure a special cash offer card. Have the amount of every cash sale punched from the card, and when your purchases amount to \$10.00 return the card to us and we will deliver at your home a splendid oak rocker entirely free of charge. The retail price of the rocker is \$4.00 and can be seen in our show window.

I. E. ROBINSON & CO.,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
63 Massachusetts Avenue

Electrical Supplies.

R. W. LeBARON,

Electrician and Contractor.

Electric Flat Irons, Electric Stoves, Curling Iron Heaters, Incandescent Lamps, all styles and candle power. Electric Lights, Bells and Telephones installed. Medical Batteries sold and repaired.

Telephone Connection.

478 Mass. Avenue.

Arlington, Mass.

JAMES O. HOLT,

DEALER IN

Groceries AND Provisions,

Agent for the following specialties:

Agnelus Flour, Revere Coffee, Hatchet Brand Canned Goods, Strafford Creamery Butter, Pure Bottled Cream.

Our meats are carefully selected. Our vegetables are grown on Arlington farms. For your patronage we will try to please and guarantee all goods as represented.

Stores, 12 and 14 Pleasant Street

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ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday morning at No. 690
Massachusetts Avenue.

\$1.00 a year, in advance; Single copies, 2 cents

F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.

WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.
1 inch. \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.50 \$4.00 \$6.00
Additional inches at same rates

Advertisements placed in the local column
10 cents per line.

Help and situation wants, for sale, to let,
etc., 12-12 cents per line, nothing taken less
than two lines.

WHAT OF ARLINGTON'S FUTURE?

The above is a query that should be of supreme interest to every citizen of our town. We mean by our interrogative, not only the material welfare of Arlington, but we have as well in mind her immaterial interests. The danger existing in every community is that her people will rest a good deal satisfied when her streets and her public buildings, together with her private residences and her sanitary conditions, are well up to the intelligence of the public. But all these things are not enough when you come to estimate the real life of men and women. Generous provisions may be made for all educational and religious purposes, and even then the town or village may fall far short of that ideal life which involves the full, rounded development of the masses.

It isn't enough that Arlington is within literal touch of Harvard university, and that she is almost directly under the shadow of the dome of the state house. Something aside and in addition to locality and surroundings must enter as essential factors into that success which will stand the test of an intelligent and impartial judgment.

Arlington in all that pertains to material growth and prosperity compares most favorably with the other suburbs of Boston. We have streets that are modern, our churches and schools rank among the first; we have an excellent system of drainage, or will have when it is perfected; we have good drinking water, and an atmosphere that is health-giving and health-restoring. And we have, too, an intelligent and industrious people. Then what more can be wanted? It may be asked. We answer, first and foremost there is needed by our people a larger and keener appreciation of the innate value of men and women. We need both the desire and power to get at our kind, apart from any worldly possession of which they may hold the title deeds.

Our Arlington boys and girls should in every instance come out from the home well developed and well balanced men and women through the instruction and discipline therein received. Our public schools, excellent as they are, should be made better and more far-reaching. Our churches, distinguished as they may be for their religious zeal and instruction, should yet be made more efficient in their department of labor. Indeed, what is most needed in Arlington is, that the masses of our people shall be more generally reached. We have now several clubs and private organizations which are doing good work in an intellectual way, but unfortunately this work only effects the membership, and so is narrowed down in its operations to the comparatively few. The farmer who understands his business sees that every inch of his cultivated acres has that care and dressing which are demanded by the soil and by the crops to be grown. He does not dress and sow and reap in patches to the neglect of his broader acres. In his reckoning he takes in the whole field, so that with him there are no forgotten corners.

While the club life and literary organizations in Arlington are to be commended, yet they are not sufficiently comprehensive and all-embracing. It would be the part of wisdom if Arlington were to make an early movement to arrange for the coming autumn and winter a series of instructive and interesting entertainments, admittance to which should be free to all. We do not question that the necessary outlay for such entertainments might be met by individual giving were the matter properly presented to our well-to-do people. To reach and secure the masses there must be inducements offered free of pecuniary cost.

Nothing better gauges the intellectual desires and appetites of a people than does the public library. How is it, do you ask, with Robbins library? A large minority of our town's people, we may safely say, never goes near it, and we do not believe we should come far wide of the mark if we should declare that a majority of our people do not patronize it. Now, what does this mean? Simply this: that our people as a whole have not been educated into reading our best authors. What we should do here in Arlington, and this at once, is to get so near to the men and women and youth of our town as to beget within them a full appreciation of the many advantages to be found in the literary world. Robbins library is both minister and schoolmaster, and there should be no one found in Arlington who is not a willing and anxious pupil of the library in her two-fold office.

But all this will never be done until we reach the people. Our club life and literary organizations cannot cover the ground. Indeed such is not their purpose. All this the town must do for herself. Will she do it by making an

early arrangement for the instruction and amusement of her people during the coming autumn and winter months? Arlington's real future must come through the intense lives of men and women who give first place to all that we denominate the immaterial.

A STARLIT SKY.

If any of the readers of the Enterprise desire to look up into a starlit sky all they have to do is to come to White Face and behold for themselves these spangled heavens. To be sure, you have in Arlington samples of these shining orbs, but at best they are only samples, which do not and cannot in the more or less murky atmosphere of the city and its suburbs represent in their fulness and brilliancy these gems which here so thickly stud the heavens. It was in the clear, crisp atmosphere of Thursday evening that we stood for an hour just in front of our verandah intently gazing up and far away into the zenith, lost in wonder and admiration as this host of shining ones came gracefully in sight. Look where you might, from the horizon up to the very middle of the heavens this multitude of stars, "such as no man could number," made their appearance. And the longer we gazed the more did this countless number multiply itself.

It is forever true that the skies, so kindly and lovingly hovering over these stupendous and majestic mountains, keep themselves all attune to the outpouring harmonies of these grand old sentinels which so gladly lift their heads to meet the heavens with their myriad host on the approach of the evening time. Here, earth and sky combine to proclaim the omnipotence of creation.

Have you, dear reader of these columns, ever made a study of the skies? Have you ever read them in their fullness and richness? Have you ever attempted to measure their length and breadth and their height and depth? If so, then you have lost yourself in an intensity of thought, while you have exclaimed with intensest soul, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." On the evening of our skyward gaze we found ourselves questioning the plan and purpose of the infinite creator of all things, not in any way doubting the wisdom of his omnipotence and his omniscience. But why these stars, and in such endless profusion? Did they find their resplendent way to the heavens alone for the sole purpose of giving pleasure and delight to the inhabitants of this least of the planets? Must it not be true that the stars are peopled with all that intelligence which is a part of God himself? And, if so peopled, why may not the inhabitants thereof be a race of men and women who have never sinned? who have never heard of the Christ, because they have never fallen from their first estate? who are profoundly and happily ignorant of an Eden lost, and of an Adam and Eve banished therefrom, and all this for a simple, stupid act of disobedience? And, then, if sinless, why may we not reasonably conclude that the inhabitants of these celestial worlds are to live on forevermore in their present state of existence? Yes, indeed, if the story be true, Adam made the biggest sort of a blunder when he yielded to the bewitching and fascinating entreaties of his pretty Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. Adam didn't mean it, but if the orthodoxy of the past be true, then he, all the same, through his susceptibility to feminine charms, placed us all in an extremely awkward position, from which our most literal theology has found it thus far extremely difficult to satisfactorily extricate us. But still, awkward as is our position, we, nevertheless, have a good deal of sympathy and even a word of commendation for much-abused Adam, for who of us would be so ungallant and so unresponsive as to say "no" to a charming woman, all in her youth, were she to offer us of the fruit which her own delicate hands had plucked? We sing with Oliver Wendell Holmes, as he wrote to Miss Harriet Putnam, who had sent Holmes an apple "stolen" from a tree of his own planting. Here is his reply to the receipt of the "stolen" fruit:

"We owe, alas! to woman's sin,
The woes with which we grapple;
To think that all our plagues came in
For one poor stolen apple!"
And still we love the darling thief
Whose rosy fingers stole it;
Her weakness brought the world to grief,
Her smiles alone console it!
I take the 'stolen' fruit you leave
(Forgive me, maid and madam);
It makes me dream that you are Eve,
And wish that I were Adam."

Adam was surely like the rest of us men folks, so let us deal gently with his memory.

But these stars looking down upon us through the clear upper air, peopled, it may be, with an intelligence that is without sin, are so many testimonies of God's infinite creation and loving power, emphasized by these everlasting mountains. Yes,

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

THE SCAR WILL BE LEFT.

"Although the wound may heal, the scar will be left." So wrote one of our most brilliant essayists. Did you, reader of this column, think of the above truism when you spoke that ugly word against or about your neighbor, and this, too, in his absence, when no opportunity was given him to gainsay or disprove it? Did it occur to you when you gave out that half intimation or insinuation that Mr. So-and-So, or the lady

who lives just across the way, could neither of them bear the full light of day upon all that he or she may or may not have done? In that supremely careless moment of yours you did not take into account that you were inflicting a wound, the scar of which would remain plainly visible forevermore—an ugly deformity for which there has been no redemption made and for which there can be none made.

While God is undoubtedly gracious to forgive, we cannot believe that he has provided salvation for the slanderer. If there is anyone who deserves the torments of the lost it is he who will in any way besmirch the name of mortal man or woman. And yet we all, the very best of us, are doing more or less of this very kind of nefarious business. We say, too frequently, the ugly word at our social gatherings, in our coming together for "sweet charity's sake," and even at our prayer meetings. How many friends do you suppose one would have were all to be known that each has said or does say of the other? You may be sure that in such instances the number would not be sufficiently large to save Sodom. The truth is, and to our shame be it said, the light, thoughtless word is our chief staple in most of our social or rather society life. We seem to best live and thrive on others. We ascend the heights as we push some one into the depths below. We count that the smoothest walking as we find on our way the dead body of some competitor over which we may proudly step.

How decidedly mean the most of us feel as we come to our better selves in the privacy of our own homes. Human nature is so weak at every point, and never so weak as when it asserts in an egotistical way its own strength. We are all in school with the primary lesson yet to learn, and he will prove himself the most successful student of all who shall not only learn his own lesson but who shall assist his seatmate in learning his. We are all askew in our reckoning. We count that personal success which somehow manages to push our brother to the rear, if thereby we can make sure of what seems to us a further advancement of ourselves. It has been said by some one that he will the soonest make heaven who walks upon his knees, and see farther into its innermost kingdom with his eyes shut. We too frequently begin with self, and so get nowhere. What we should do is to begin in all charity with our neighbor, and then we might rightfully expect to reach home laden with the richest gifts.

To make ourselves more intensely practical, suppose for a moment that we men and women right here in Arlington were from this date on to do the very best possible for those living right alongside of us. What do you say would come of it were we to be the strong right arm to all those engaged in a like business with ourselves? What would happen if we were from now on to speak a good word for and of our neighbor? We might be sure that in such a new life there would be in all Arlington no wounds to heal, and consequently there would be no scars left.

Success in its larger and truer meaning can come to no man in his business unless by and through that business he is not made a better man than he would have been otherwise, and then as a logical sequence the community made better by his individual life. That journalism is a dead failure which does not make more of a man out of him who is engaged therein, and which does not make better the community in which the public journal is issued. And so it is with every department of business life. The measure of its success must depend upon the good it does. The clergyman is not the only man in the town or village who is to be good and do good. However excellent he may be, he can't do our praying. That his words are guarded and well timed, will not avail us. We are to guard well our own speech and do our own praying. We are to set our own house in order then we may sweep under the door-mat of our neighbor. Just invert our arithmetic and then we shall be approximately all right. Remember, there can be no scar where there has not first been a cruel wound.

THAT SPEECH OF APRIL 17.

It ought to keep Senator Hoar busy for the next few months in any attempt he may make to effect a reconciliation between that speech he made in the United States Senate on the 17th of April, which consisted in a severe arraignment of President McKinley's policy of the Philippines, and that he so recently made at Marshfield. The truth is, the two speeches are at war with each other, so much so that Senator Hoar is left in most unenviable position. He cannot explain for himself, nor any other man or party can make explanation of his substantial cry of "good Lord and good devil." And what makes the matter even worse is that the honorable senator should have made the attempt in his Marshfield speech to have so gobbled portions of Ex-Gov. Boutwell's speech of April 19th, congratulating him upon his admirable anti-imperialistic effort, as to make it appear that he (the ex-governor) sustains the senator in his loyalty and love of President McKinley. In that letter of congratulation Ex-Gov. Boutwell distinctly says: "Mr. McKinley deserves defeat, and is destined to receive it." Again, the ex-governor

says: "President McKinley has no defenders on the ground of right and justice." Your speech is of great service to the cause of anti-imperialism."

Senator Hoar has gotten himself into an awkward corner, and he well knows it, so that now by means not manly and honorable he is trying to pull himself out of a hole of his making. If that speech on the 17th of April was an honest expression of his views concerning the administration at Washington, then the senator stultified himself when he made that speech at Marshfield. If, on the other hand, his Marshfield speech was an honest avowal of his regard and love for President McKinley, and of his confidence in his ability and purpose to wisely administer our national affairs, then the 17th of April speech must be written down as a cheat and a fraud. Mind you, we are not discussing whether or not Mr. McKinley has proven himself wise and just in his management of the Philippine islands. Our only thought is centered on Senator Hoar. In spite of his eminent ability, and right in the face of his statesmanlike qualities, he has made a ridiculous tumble, and both parties alike so regard the logic of his unseemly straddle. It matters little now which party may receive the support of Senator Hoar in the coming campaign. His vote can only count one, while he has reduced his influence in the contest so near at hand to the zero point.

Of the resort sections of the country, few of them are more widely known than the White Mountains region of northern New England. The main features that have brought this section to the foreground are its magnificent scenery, its exhilarating atmosphere and its social qualities. Of the first mentioned, some of the more widely known features, outside the Presidential Range and Mount Washington, are in the Crawford, Franconia and Dixville Notches. Each contributes far differing attractions, though taken together they present a series of natures' workings unlike those to be found anywhere else. There are wonderful rock formations like Table Rock in Dixville, and the "Old Man of the Mountain" and the Flume; then there is White Horse Ledge and Elephant's Head and Crystal Cascade and "The Basin" and Echo and Profile Lakes and Lakes of the Clouds. These are but a few of the interesting sights to see. As you know, the Boston & Maine Railroad traverses this great mountain vacation region, and the Mountain literature issued by its Passenger department comprises an encircling of New Hampshire's mountains, which you can obtain by sending a two-cent stamp to the General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, and with it will be sent a book of tours, which you will find to be replete with the information you are looking for regarding vacation. Send for them.

MARRIED.

HOYT—CAMPBELL.—In Somerville, July 23, by Rev. Arthur L. Snell, Henry C. Hoyt and Nellie M. Campbell of Arlington.

WIGMORE—KENNEY.—In West Newton, July 22, by Rev. Charles Gallegan, Matthew Wigmore of Arlington and Jennie Kenney of West Newton.

DIED

HAYES.—In Arlington, July 19, Geo. B. Hayes, aged 61 years, 2 months, 17 days.

MADemoiselle STEPHENS,
late of Paris, France.

Will give lessons in Music and French at pupils' houses. Terms reasonable. Write or call.

355 MASS. AVENUE.

YOUNG MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
WHITE FACE, N. H.

JAMES A. HANSON, Proprietor.

Attractive accommodations for boarders.

FARM WANTED.

In Waltham, Lexington or vicinity suitable for sheep raising; high rough ground, with some woodland, preferred. Will buy, lease or contract with right party for the use of part of farm and care of stock; price must be low; give full particulars. P. O. box 2971, Boston. apr28f

TO LET.

Nice, pleasant rooms to let, centrally located.

Apply, 33 Lewis Avenue.

BOYS' SHORT PANT SUITS.

\$1.50, or with Extra Pair Pants, \$1.75.

Call and see them at

L. C. TYLER'S.

EGBERT E. STACPOLE,

TEACHER OF

BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR.

Correct Instruments carefully selected for pupils without extra charge.

40 Mystic Street, - Arlington, Mass.

All the leading magazines

periodicals, etc., at

Reed's News Depot,

POST-OFFICE BLOCK.

A. L. BACON, Mason and Contractor.

All Kinds of

Jobbing, Whitening, Fire Places and Bolts

Settings.

LOCKER 58 MYSTIC. Lock Box 45, Arlington

Telephone 133-3.

Order Box at Peirce & Winn Co.

RESIDENCE, OCT. MYSTIC STREET AND

DAVIS AVENUE.

Peirce & Winn Co.

Dealer in

Coals, Wood, Hay, Straw

Grain, Lime, Cement, Plaster,

Hair, Fertilizers, Sand, Drain

and Sewer Pipes, etc.

Teaming Pillsbury Flour, New England Gas

and Coke Co.'s Coke

Arlington, Arlington Heights, and Lexington

Post-office Box B, Arlington

Telephone 8-2 Arling

ton

George A. Law, Hack and Livery Stable,

Mass. Ave., Arlington

Having practically rebuilt the inside of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I am now prepared to take new boarders. I secure first class board and right prices. Teams sent and called for.

Monument View Store,

305 Broadway,

LEONARD H. PAYNE

PROPRIETOR.

A full line of

</

ARLINGTON NEWS.

Hereafter, all preliminary notices of church fairs, socials, etc., to which an admission fee is asked, will only be inserted in these columns at the rate of 10 cents per line, unless an advertisement of such appears in our advertising columns.

Mrs. Alonzo S. Harriman is at Bradford, N. H.

Mr. W. W. Rawson is having his outing in Maine.

Mrs. J. O. Holt is at her summer cottage at North Falmouth.

Mrs. H. A. Freeman is having an enjoyable time at Bethel, Me.

Miss Louisa R. Warren is at Martha's Vineyard for a season of rest.

Mr. George A. Law has just received his best hack from the painters.

We congratulate Mr. Walter H. Peirce and wife on the arrival of a son.

Mr. W. W. Rawson is enlarging one of his greenhouses twenty feet in width.

On Monday Messrs. Hardy, Bird, Kelty and Webb start for a week's trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall N. Rice have returned home after a delightful trip to Newfoundland.

Rev. Frederic Gill is at his home at Kingston, Ont., Canada. His address is 242 Alfred street.

A new 70 foot chimney is being built at the head-house of Mr. W. W. Rawson by Mr. Aug. Bishop.

The staging is all up at the Congregational church, and the decorators are now about to commence work.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gannet of Academy street have been at Marblehead Neck, a guest of Miss Frssenden.

Miss Carrie and Miss Lucie Hunting of Summer street start today for Old Orchard, Me., for a vacation trip.

Mrs. S. C. Clements of Water street has as her guests her son, Mr. F. Clements and wife of Berlin Falls, N. H.

Mr. George A. Law has purchased a new pair of black horses for his hack. They are fine specimens of horse flesh.

Rev. S. Bushnell and family are at Madison, Conn., for a vacation of rest. Mr. Bushnell is to visit the Adirondack Mts.

Miss Nettie Baston, the very efficient assistant at Robbins library, has been having a delightful time at Kennebunk beach.

Mr. J. A. Bishop, the gentlemanly clerk at the First Nat. Bank, reports a delightful time on his trip through Canada.

Mrs. Dr. Stickney and daughter are at Chiltonville, where a goodly number of Arlington people are staying for the summer.

Kimball, Arlington Heights, makes the best ice cream one wishes to eat. Nothing but the best cream is used. Try it.

Mr. N. J. Hardy and his daughter, Alice, are at Old Orchard for their health. Mr. Hardy is improving rapidly.

We direct special attention to the very interesting article in another column, headed "Adventures of the Never Leave-Home club."

Mr. Roy Tyler has given Old Eureka a thorough overhauling, and now the works are again in shape she will make a good showing.

A Company of Cuban teachers were guests, of Golden Rule Lodge Tuesday evening. There was music and dancing and refreshments.

The rain of Wednesday afternoon and Thursday was a blessing for the vegetables and grass, which had become parched and burned.

Rev. H. F. Fister has been in Providence a few days with his friend, the Rev. C. B. Lynn, Mrs. Fister being at Hopinton, N. H.

Mrs. W. E. Wetherbee, mother of our popular bicycle and jewelry merchants in Swan's block, is having a delightful time at Lake Sunapee.

The Rev. W. M. Lawrence D. D. of Chicago, will preach to the Baptist society at the Universalist church at the usual hour tomorrow.

Messrs. J. Henry Hartwell & Son have received from Mr. Chas. Gott's factory their handsome hearse, where it has been receiving a new coat of varnish.

Mr. Robert Ballard, the genial clerk at Mr. Leavitt's pharmacy, has severed his connection, and is now at his old home in Portland, Me. He carries the best wishes of a host of friends with him.

Mr. H. D. Hawkins, one of the popular clerks at the First National bank, is to enjoy the present week at Lake Nogog, at South Acton. He will be accompanied by friends.

The handsomest show windows in town are at L. C. Tyler's shoe store, corner Mass. avenue and Pleasant street. The new plate glass is a great improvement over the old windows, and greatly enhance the building.

During August Robbins library will

be open Wednesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 9 p. m. The reading room will be open on the other days from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. The library will be closed on Sundays to the public during August.

The Bower Brothers are to add a new plainer d mortising machine in their moulding and wood-working factory on Mill street. This firm is a busy and hustling one.

The boat race between Messrs. Fred W. Damon and Will Homer for the Carter cup, now held by the latter, will take place on Thursday evening at seven o'clock on Spy pond. This will be a good race as both are out to win if possible.

Miss Blanche Sawyer made a mistake on Monday evening on the Boat club float and fell into the water where she sank to quite a depth. A friend came to her rescue and she was pulled out with only a thorough drenching to remain of her mishap.

Mr. H. W. Berthrong is to make two large portraits of McKinley and Roosevelt for the general headquarters at New York. Each is to be 25 feet in length, and will be suspended in front of the headquarters. He is also making a large portrait to hang in their room.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Pleasant Street Congregational church will continue its regular service every Sunday evening at 6.30, in the church vestry, during the summer.

Meetings of special interest are anticipated, and everybody invited to attend.

No other Sunday service will be held, and the Friday evening meeting will be discontinued until September. The work of renovating and decorating the main audience room of the church is now in progress.

A children's room has been completed at the Robbins library. The room is in the stack space of the library, and has been fitted up for their comfort. Miss Louise Marsh will have charge of this department. Books for the smaller ones as well as for the juveniles will always be on hand, and the furnishings have been arranged for their use. This room is likely to become a very popular place for the children.

Be sure and go to the muster at Combination park, Medford, next Thursday.

Old Eureka is going, and is a sure winner for first or second prize. Let every member go, so that the old engine will have a full complement of men to "brake her down" to victory. Tickets and badges can be had of the following committee: W. A. Peirce, A. A. Tilden, W. P. Schwamb, W. J. Sweeney, W. H. Peirce, P. J. Ahern, T. J. Donahue.

Beginning on Monday, July 30, there is to be a grand carnival at Combination park under the auspices of the Boston Lodge of Elks. During the week there will be a vaudeville show, horse trotting, races of various kinds, bicycle races, and on Thursday there will be a firemen's muster and old Eureka will take part. This ought to draw a good crowd from this section. The affair is all for charity, and should be largely patronized by the public.

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An unusually large crowd gathered Monday evening to listen to Mr. Elmer E. Towne's Cavalry band. During the day the float had been brought in nearer shore by Janitor Monahan and Harry Kaulbeck, and with the calm evening the music was much clearer and distinct. Besides the electric lights on the float a number of Japanese lanterns of various colors had been strung up. The boats on the pond were decorated from bow to stern with lanterns, and this added to the red lights burned made a pleasing sight to look upon. The surface of the pond was covered with boats and canoes, and in this respect Mr. Harry Kaulbeck did a lively business, and his tonic stand was also liberally

patronized. The musical selections were unusually good, many popular melodies being rendered. The following program was kindly sent us by Bandmaster Towne:

March, 18th Regiment. Selection, "Popular Medley," ar. by Towne. Overture, "Fairies." Trombone solo, "Cujus amorem." March, "The Singing Girl." Grand selection, "Bohemian Girl," Rag time two-step, "Policy Sam." "One Pictures of the North and South," B. P. Ripley.

About 150 children from the slums of Boston came to Arlington and enjoyed themselves on the Gage grove on Spy pond shores Wednesday. The Misses Wellington arranged and carried out the picnic. The little ones came to the grove in the train and had a rare day of enjoyment. Tables and swings were provided by Mr. Frank Wyman, who in various other ways looked to the comfort and enjoyment of the company representing all nations. They had plenty of Belmont Spring water, kindly provided by Mr. D. L. Tappan. The way the youngsters put away the lemonade and lunch was a caution. Cake was provided by the ladies and the other expenses were met out of the fund the Misses Wellington had provided. It was truly a delightful sight to see the little ones enjoy themselves in romping, swinging, swimming and games, and showed this work was the kind of christening duty which there should be more of. Mr. Prentiss had charge of the children, and tried all he knew to make them happy. Those assisting were Misses Harrington, Frost and Hill and Mrs. C. A. Frost of Belmont. Many Arlington people did their share toward the work. Mr. Wyman and the Misses Wellington certainly deserve thanks for their thoughtfulness in trying to make others happy.

GOLF CLUB.

The Arlington golf team defeated the Winthrop team on the home links of the latter, last Saturday, the following being the score:

Arlington	Holes up	Winthrop	Holes up
A. Hill	0	R. Davidson	3
J. Stearns	0	Dr. W. H. Vincent	3
O. W. Whittemore	0	Wm. Vincent	3
W. G. Ester	0	J. S. Bowles	7
W. M. Hill	5	A. Stanley	0
Jere Coleman	3	Col. D. H. Vincent	13
Total	17	Total	13

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

The Arlington Boat club played a game of base ball last Saturday with the Arlington team—the first played by the latter since its reorganization, and after the first two innings a good game was played. Quinn pitched finely, and was well supported by Corbett. Denninger, Loran, Burns and J. Dale of Arlington team played well. For B. C., the Wood brothers, Lane, Gray, Butman and McAndrews played a first-class game, the three latter making some brilliant plays, while Lane played well at second. The score:

A. B. C.	Arlington	B. H. Poole	A. B. C.
Lane	2	1	3
Gray	0	4	3
Wood	2	2	2
Clarkson	3	2	2
McAndrews	11	1	0
Butman	3	2	0
Rankin	0	0	0
Wood	4	0	1
Stearns	0	8	1
Wood	0	9	1
Quinn	1	0	1
Totals	11	27	10
Innings	5	5	5
A. B. C.	1	2	1
Arlington	0	0	0
Total	10	24	11
Two-base hits, Butman, H. Wood, Mahoney. Home run, Corbett. Stolen bases, Lane, 3. W. Clarkson, 2. McAndrews, 3. Butman, H. Wood, E. Wood, Burns. First base on balls, Gray, W. Clarkson, 2. Butman, H. Wood. Struck out, by Wood, by Quinn. Double plays, Gray, Lane and Stearns; J. Dale and O'Neill. Passed ball, Corbett, 2. Wild pitch, Quinn. Umpire, Duffy. Time, 3h.			

ROBBINS LIBRARY, ARLINGTON.

NEW BOOKS.

Allen, James L.	Reign of law.	1300.5
	Tale of the Kentucky hemp fields.	
Couller, Ralph, pseud.	Black Rock. Tale of the Selkirks.	29654.1
	Sky pilot. Tale of the foot-hills.	29654.2
Davis, William S.	Friend of Caesar. Tale of the fall of the Roman republic.	3270.1
Flammarion, C.	The unknown.	130.7
Fullerton, A.	Proofs of theosophy.	212.2
Goss, Chas. F.	Redemption of David Corson.	43281.1
Lee, G. C., editor.	World's orators.	1069.60
*Mother Goose's nursery rhymes.		1137.42
North, Easton, Mass.	Ames Free Library. List of books for young people.	3270.1
Parcell, H. V. A., Jr.	Gas engine construction.	88.47
Plehn, C. C.	Introduction to public finance.	621.16
Scidmore, Eliza R.	China the long-lived empire.	336.2
Sienkiewicz, Henryk.	Knights of the cross.	8436.11
Smith, A. H.	Village life in China.	88.46
Tarkinton, Booth.	Gentleman from Indiana.	89231.1
	Monsieur Beaumaire.	89231.2
Thirria, H.	La Duchesse de Berry. 1798-1870. (French.)	1869.93
Walloth, Wilhelm.	Empress Octavia. Romance of the reign of Nero.	94361.1
Watertown, Mass.	Free Public Library. Supplement.	352.1
Woodruff, C. R., editor.	Proceedings of the conference for good city government.	
	6. Columbus.	
	July 27, 1900.	

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1362 Mass. ave., cor. Park ave.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS

jeffs

The coolest place at the Heights is

Callaghan's Waiting-room

Ice Cream, Lunch, Confectionery, Soda from pure juices, while waiting for a Lexington car. Don't forget to call.

jeffs

ADVENTURES OF THE NEVER-LEAVE-HOME CLUB.

"Why, it is the most ridiculous plan I ever heard of. You would be worn out with fatigue—you'd get dirty and cross. You don't want to do that," said the speaker seized his cup of coffee with some energy.

"But, Sam," said Mrs. Ellison, "you know I delight in electric car rides and they don't tire me. If I get dirty I can get clean, and of course I am never cross. Then, too, I have never seen that part of New Hampshire, and it would be a nice time to visit it while Belle is there. I know Sarah would go with me."

"Well, I am sure I

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

Summer arrangement. In effect June 25, 1890.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Tomorrow Rev. J. G. Taylor preaches at Central church, Worcester.

The heights has a large contingent off recruiting for the fall campaign.

The family of Mr. W. O. Partridge are at White Horse beach for the season.

Ed. W. Nicoll and Ernest Snow go down East today to catch fish and robusness.

Miss Dodge of Melrose was the guest of Miss McKenzie over Wednesday of this week.

C. T. Parsons and family left yesterday for Boothbay, Maine, for an outing of two weeks.

Mrs. Dow of Claremont avenue had friends visiting from South Carolina this last week.

When you have company be sure you serve them with Kimball's ice cream. It is delicious.

Mr. J. Zwink sailed yesterday for Europe, and will take in the Paris Exposition and Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brackett are occupying the house of the latter's father on Appleton place during their absence.

Aug. 9-10 the pastor of the Congregational church lectures at Camp Tauta-mouse in North Acton, on "Rambles hither and thither."

Workmen commenced this morning to dig the cellar for a house to be built by Mr. Frank Records, next south to the one already owned by him.

W. K. Hutchinson has leased the store now occupied by Stone's grocery store and will occupy it Oct. 1st. Mr. Stone will occupy his new store about the same time.

Miss Fannie Murdock, who has been the guest this week of Miss McKenzie at her parents' home on Florence avenue, returned to her home in Hubbardston, Mass., today.

The Post office is transferred to its new and attractive home, an improvement on the old stand is the universal opinion. Our efficient postmaster is more genial than ever in his new quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Farmer attended the wedding of his former tutor Mr. H. M. Poor, to Miss Edith F. Holden of Reading on last Wednesday evening. Miss Nellie M. Farmer also attended.

Mr. L. D. Bradley occupies a store in the rear of the post office and will be ready to supply his customers with everything in his line. His new store is attractive and snug, and central for his growing business.

Mr. Webber of Newton Theological institution gave a very interesting and practical discourse Sunday morning last at the Baptist church. The evening service was also conducted by Mr. Webber, and proved very helpful.

In filling in on the Crescent Hill side of the new bridge gravel is being taken from the embankment near the new Baptist church. Lowell street has also been cut some two feet at this point. It will require considerable more filling to complete the job.

The services at the Arlington Heights Baptist chapel, cor. Westminster and Park avenues, tomorrow will be as follows: Preaching at 10:45, Sunday school at 12 and evening service at 7. Prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:45. Rev. A. W. Lorimer, pastor; residence, 144 Forest street.

Yesterday afternoon Antonio Barr, a boy about 10 years of age, fell from a cart loaded with sand, on Westminster avenue, and one of the wheels passed over his head, bruising it very badly. Dr. Young was summoned and rendered what service was possible, when the sufferer was taken to the Mass. General hospital, where he died at 1 o'clock this morning. He was a well-behaved boy, and well liked by the neighbors.

Tomorrow morning, at 10:45, at the Baptist church, Mr. George W. Averill, superintendent of the Children's Health fund, will speak of the work among children. The organization, which Mr. Averill represents, takes children from homes of vice and crime in any city or town, prepares them for and locates them in Christian homes. A choir of rescued children will be present and singing. The public are cordially invited.

Death came very suddenly to Mr. George B. Hayes, who has for a short time resided on Tanager street. On Thursday evening of last week, after removing his coat he lay down on the sofa to take a short rest, and without a moment's warning expired. The deceased, who was a new-comer at the heights, and although a comparative stranger, was well liked by those who knew him. A wife and one child survive him.

Tomorrow the services at the Park avenue Congregational church will be: Preaching at 10:45. Sabbath school at 12:15 and Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:30 p.m. Rev. D. B. Perry, D. D., president of Doane college, Crete, Nebraska, will preach at the morning service, and will also be present and speak at the Endeavor service on the young people of the west as he has come to know them during the past 25 years. The public are cordially invited to be present at all these services.

About 1 o'clock Sunday fire broke out again in the woods near Mt. Gilboa. The fire department responded promptly, and thoroughly covering the ground with hose, extinguished the flames. It would seem as if the firemen had been called upon too much to look after brush fires, although they have been prompt and performed their duty in a satisfactory manner. It would be well if the parties who are responsible for these fires would themselves attempt to control them and prevent them from spreading. By so doing they would receive the thanks of the community here, as well as the firemen.

(Continued from page 3.)
too well dressed for real country life; but it was pleasing and interesting to the electricians, as the sisters now called themselves.

At Bedford they indulged in a reminiscence of when they were young girls and went one memorable day to Bedford Springs in company with two young gentlemen, taking along a little brother because their dear mother did not think the expedition quite proper without this little guardian. How strange that seems in these free and easy days!

Noon, was approaching as the travellers drew into Billerica, and the car had a wait of five minutes—they were hot minutes. A couple of haymakers stopped at a drinking fountain for refreshment, and the following conversation ensued:

First haymaker—"Hot, ain't it?"

Second haymaker—"Golly, she just sizzles right down."

They shouldered their rakes and departed.

"I do believe he was talking about me," said Mrs. Ellison, gazing after the innocent rustic resentfully and wiping her face once more.

But the car moved on, and with the motion returned the welcome breeze, and the passengers were comfortable.

Billerica is a beautiful town, Sally,"

said Mrs. Ellison, "it is so dignified, so placid, so prosperous and sightly. I have always wanted to come here, you know."

"No, I didn't know," interrupted her sister.

"Oh, thank you, I wish you could break me of saying 'you know.' But you never can, I was born so."

"I think I can. At all events I'll try."

The ride from Billerica to Lowell, through the pretty village of North Billerica, is over long stretches of roads bordered by fewer trees than would be desirable; but the bright, ever-lovely river flows slowly along, in view much of the distance, and lends its charm to the dusty way.

"Doesn't it make you feel well dressed and complaisant to be in Lowell?" said Mrs. Ellison as they rolled into the city.

"I am not sure I don't always feel so. I think I do."

"Oh, Sally, don't say that. Clothes were never any part of your scheme of existence; but you have your gifts, you know."

"Yes, I do know that," was the quiet reply.

"Thank you, I'll try not to say it again. But in Lowell, where everything is spinning and buzzing, and weaving and bleaching, and folding and all the rest of it, I seem to feel as if I owned it all, and was wearing the fruit of all this industry."

"End of the route," shouted the conductor.

The electricians hastily scrambled to their feet and enquired for the Nashua car.

"This way, lady; I'll carry your grip," and, like a true gentleman, he lugged the heavy load to the office, told the panting women to "set and cool five minutes" and the Nashua car would come.

The ride from Lowell to Nashua was along fine roads and cultivated fields, evincing a prosperity which was gratifying but not picturesque to the searchers for simplicity. They reached Nashua to find that they were to be robbed of the joys of electric car riding, for there were no more such roads in that direction. A wait in this thriving city for lunch and rest, a pleasant call on a friend of one of the party, where an astonishingly cool room and a glass of icy lemonade made new creatures of the heated wanderers, and it was time to think about a train for Concord. Hospitable entreaties to spend the night and start in the cool of the morning had to be met and resisted, and with a promise to come again some cooler day the goodbyes were spoken.

To turn away from a breezy electric and board a common steam car was hard indeed, and the ride from Nashua to Concord was taken in sulky silence. However, a bath, rest and a nice dinner at the Eagle hotel restored the equanimity of the elopers, and they declared themselves satisfied. A pleasant feature of the evening was a call from a young physician, an old resident of Concord and a friend of Mrs. Ellison's. This patient victim listened with apparent interest to a detailed account of the adventures of the day and the plans for the morrow; then, detecting some weakness for electrics in the visitors, he suggested an electric car ride to see Concord and get the evening cooling. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and the cooling a marked success, but the seeing Concord was a matter of the imagination, as it was absolutely dark.

However, after a night of horrors in a breathless room in close proximity to a freight yard where trains were being made up all night, Concord was seen by daylight under the protection of a professional guide. With a most pleasant impression of the city, the ladies met the old resident, their companion of the night before, and started for Weirs. This guileless youth declared he was intending to visit his family in their cot-tage at Lake Winnipesaukee on that day and would like to show his friends a pleasant way to reach their destination.

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It was, indeed, a pleasant way. They left the train at Laconia and took the electric car to Weirs. The road runs alongside of the lake, and at every turn new and greater beauties open to the eye. The always beautiful Winnipesaukee resting in the arms of the forest, the dainty islands, the shifting clouds, the grand mountains, ever the same yet ever changing in light and shadow, make a panorama which impresses itself indelibly on the memory of the appreciative beholder.

There was time at Weirs for lunch and a tiny sail on the lake before taking the boat at one o'clock. The sisters took leave of their youthful cavalier with sincere gratitude for all his kind attentions and regret at parting, and the Mt. Washington steamed away. In five minutes heat and dust were forgotten, the breeze came sweet and fresh over the water, and the journey was rapidly enjoyed again.

"Sarah Bolles," said Mrs. Ellison, "what are you writing? Not, I hope, a description of this sail, for the man or woman who attempts to describe Lake Winnipesaukee is simply attempting the impossible and is consequently an idiot."

"You shall see what I have written, only a note to my husband."

This was the note: "Dear William: We are quite right about the heat, it has been simply awful, but we are having a fine time. Yours, SARAH."

Centre Harbor came into view all too soon, and the elopers went leisurely

down stairs to leave the boat. They stopped a moment to glance at the back screen, tied a straggling shoe string, pinned a veil in place and turned to go.

"Why," said Mrs. Ellison, "the people are going up stairs. It must be that we leave from the upper deck," and they started up, but were soon set right on enquiring as to the proper place!

Alas for ignorance, tardiness and the delay which is always dangerous. The boat had touched at Centre Harbor—literally touched and had also left that port. The travellers were not exactly shipwrecked, they were abandoned to the waves! An agonized appeal to the purser met with a courteous but firm refusal to put them ashore somehow. It could not be done. The stranded pair gazed at each other in dismay and consternation, then tried to cry, but instead burst into laughter at the ridiculous situation.

At this juncture new actors appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Howes, with her small son, had been visiting at the hospitable cottage which was waiting with open arms for the coming travellers, and thrifty Mrs. Belle had arranged to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," by having the carriage which brought one take the other back. Mrs. Bolles had slight acquaintance with this lady, and was ready to sink with mortification when met with these incoherent exclamations:

"Why, what does this mean? Why are you here? Don't you know where you are? Why don't you go ashore?"

"Only because we can't. We don't know how to swim."

"You've got left," shouted Mrs. Howes' little son, with the prompt intuition of an American child.

In this case the remark was not slang and passed unrebuted.

"At least let us be polite and conventional, dear Mrs. Howes, even if we are all at sea. Let me introduce my sister, Mrs. Ellison."

The ladies were charmed to meet each other, etc., etc., and were soon making the best and most of the absurd situation. The purser was humbly entreated to sympathize and help, which he did most graciously.

"Now," said he, quoting, probably unconsciously, from Mrs. Boffin, "you just stick to me. I will give you a free ride all around the lake and get you back to Centre Harbor at six, and I will telegraph at Wolfboro for your carriage-man to meet you at the late boat. That is all you can do, except to make the best of it."

This advice was followed to the letter, especially the latter part of it, and the little party speedily became on the best and merriest of terms.

"Do you know, Sarah, I think you did a very good thing in being too slow to get off from the boat," said the audacious younger sister; "this afternoon has been much more comfortably spent than it would have been toiling over the road in the heat."

At Alton Bay the party separated, for duty, Arlington, home and heat beckoned. Mrs. Howes, and the last glimpse the voyagers had of her as they waved goodbye was at the car window with a drooping attitude and a fast flying fan.

The return sail to Centre Harbor was all peace and calm, with a cabin tea at the end. The farewell to the purser was with thanks for the charming sail. The telegram had done its work. The carriage was waiting, and an immediate start was made for Centre Sandwich. The road climbs gradually over the hills, opening new views of mountains, lakes, farms and dwellings, and is thoroughly delightful all the way. Around the shores of Squam lake are many attractive residences, among them one which has been transformed from a simple, ugly farm house to a simple, beautiful home, the only art used being the magic wand of taste. This house stands high enough to command extensive views of both lakes and mountains, and is ideal in situation and appointments. Darkness comes early among the mountains, and the travellers reached the protecting shelter of the Sandwich House just in time to escape its terrors.

A terrific thunder storm in the night cooled the air and made the new moon a joy to every sense. The elopers, rested and refreshed, made an early start for their final destination, Mountain Side Cottage at White Face.

The inspiring scene of beauty, the exhilarating air, the odor of the wet hemlock and fir-balsam, the song of the bird, acted almost as intoxication to the pair, and they chattered and joked, schemed and laughed, as if, indeed, they were a couple of lovers on their honeymoon. Up and down the long hills, higher and higher toward the heavens they went, till the last slope was reached—when, hark! the ripple of laughter, a merry song, a resounding shout and a group of six children, headed by the tall boy, Felix, with baby Pet on his shoulders, burst into view. A thousand questions, as many kisses, incoherent explanations, useless interruptions swelled the sweet din. The hill was climbed, and there were the dear little mamma and smiling grandpapa added to the others, making up the glad joy of welcome, and Mountain Side Cottage became the haven of the runaways.

When at last I had a moment's respite, I met his deep, black eyes once more.

"I must see Una," said he. "Cannot you for once depart from your custom? I am poor, as you may see," and he pointed almost contemptuously at his apparel. "I have walked 300 miles to see her, and I must."

He waited for my answer, but I could only disappoint him. There were at least a score of persons who asked me the same and now stood waiting for my answer to him.

"I cannot blame you," said he sorrowfully, "but I must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one-half hour?"

I cheerfully promised, and I think if I had waited but a moment longer I should have given him a ticket, regardless of the displeasure of former applicants.

He returned sooner than he promised. All breathless with haste, his hat gone and the empty sleeve torn away, he pushed his way to the delivery.

Without a word he threw a half eagle upon the board and, snatching a ticket, was off before I could pass him the change.

Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office and turned abruptly away and was soon lost to sight.

The following evening his pale, care-worn face was the first that met me when I threw up the sash.

"Can't I go in now?" he asked eagerly.

"You are entitled to the first ticket, sir. One dollar."

"I have no money," he replied, in a whisper. "but I must see Una. Will you give me a ticket?"

I could not. The rules of the company forbade, and, giving a firm yet kind negative, I turned my attention to the eager crowd and soon forgot him.

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Without a word he threw a half eagle upon the board and, snatching a ticket, was off before I could pass him the change.

This was the happiest hour to me of the whole 24. Night after night I sat there gazing at Una Howard.

And, with the rest, I worshipped her, but without a single ray of hope.

When I entered, Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall. With exquisite grace she acknowledged the tribute and bent her beautiful head as the showers of fragrant flowers and costly presents fell at her feet.

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